

ours, too, by adoption and by affection. From the beginning of that conflict there was tragedy, and there was fear, and a new language was imposed upon the minds and hearts of the American people. As the German armies overran Poland, the first nation proud enough to fight rather than surrender, the words "blitzkrieg," "panzer," "stuka," and "gestapo" became household words, and brought a foreboding of a terrible and irresistible force which could menace us even across the Atlantic, and as those armies overran France this fear increased.

And then that doughty, cocky, magnificent voice was raised, and a more familiar language went to work, and phrase after eloquent phrase rolled across England, and across America, and put heart in her people and our own.

"Give us the tools," he said, and America produced the tools.

"Look west, the land is also bright," he quoted, and the conscience and honor of America were awakened.

"We shall fight on the landing grounds, we shall fight in the fields and in the streets, we shall fight in the hills; we shall never surrender," he said, and courage and resolve flowed from this one man into all who enlisted in the cause of freedom.

For that generation which was tempered by war, he provided both the fire and the steel; he articulated courage and honor; he brought out the best in all of us, and made that generation greater than it had been.

For all those, in all lands, who have ever engaged in public service, he did something more. He demonstrated the value of standing hard by one's beliefs. Sir Winston Churchill did not always leap mightily from triumph to triumph. He had his political defeats, his public repudiations, and must at times have despaired for the future of all those principles in which he most deeply believed, but he held to those principles and in the fullness of time they were recognized, needed, and used to save his nation and our own.

Not many men live to be recognized as great in their own time. None will be recognized as greater in our own. Warrior, statesman, author, artist—this was a man. This was the titan of our time. From his life each of us has gained greatly; with his death we join gratefully to do him honor.

### Persecution of Jews Within Soviet

#### EXTENSION OF REMARKS OF

**HON. WILLIAM S. MOORHEAD**

OF PENNSYLVANIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, January 26, 1965

Mr. MOORHEAD. Mr. Speaker, last November 22 in Pittsburgh, 1,000 persons from 54 Jewish organizations in the community met to register their concern over the persecution of Jews within the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. I

should like to call the attention of the House to the attached resolution passed by acclamation at that meeting.

The resolution follows:

#### RESOLUTION ON SOVIET JEWRY, 1964

This assembly of representatives of virtually all of the Jewish organizations and religious institutions in the city of Pittsburgh declares its deep concern over and condemnation of the treatment of our Jewish brethren in the Soviet Union.

Soviet Jews have been singled out for cultural and spiritual genocide. They have suffered the confiscation of synagogues, the closing of Jewish cemeteries, the arrest of rabbis and lay religious leaders, the severe curtailment of religious observance and the ban on import or fabrication of the materials needed for such observance. They suffer discrimination in cultural activities and access to higher education, and are subject to special restrictions that prevent the reuniting of Jews with their families in other lands.

Soviet Jews have been denied any sort of national or provincial organization, secular or religious, such as other nationality groups and other religious sects have. While Soviet Jews are designated as a nationality, regardless of religious practice, they are barred from activities or institutions permitted to other nationality groups.

Soviet Jews, past and present, are daily vilified and maligned in the controlled press and other official publications. Judaism and Jewish history are falsified; anti-Semitic stereotypes are exploited to portray the synagogues as a breeding ground of economic and social crimes.

Soviet Jews, charged with alleged economic crimes, face discriminatory application of maximum penalties including the death sentence, and the controlled press deliberately reports such news in a manner calculated to exacerbate public anti-Semitism.

World opinion must be brought to bear upon the Soviet Union to end these inhumanities. We call upon the new leaders of the Soviet Government, as they discard those policies of the previous administration which were harmful to the well-being of their citizens, to abandon and turn away from this heritage of the Stalin-Khrushchev era, with its violation of their own constitutional guarantees of equality for all citizens of the Soviet Union.

We ask no special privilege for our brethren; we do demand an end to the massive and systematic liquidation of the religious and cultural heritage of an entire community. We ask only justice and equality, with all other cultural and religious minorities, for the Jewish community.

Rabbi MORDECAI S. CHERTOFF.

Unanimously passed by meeting of 1,000 persons, representing 54 Jewish organizations, in Pittsburgh, Pa., Sunday, November 22, 1964.

### Ukrainian Independence Day

#### SPEECH OF

**HON. JAMES A. BYRNE**

OF PENNSYLVANIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, January 25, 1965

Mr. BYRNE of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, all peoples struggle to attain their national goals, their freedom and independence, and after attaining these goals, they do their utmost to retain them. In this task some have succeeded well, while others have not been so for-

tunate, and through some freakish turn and twist in international affairs over which they had no control, have witnessed their own tragic failure in this supreme task. The Ukrainians have been among these unfortunate people. By the inexorable forces of nature their fair land has been surrounded by powerful and aggressive neighbors, and these have shown no mercy in their dealings with the Ukrainians. Among the cruellest of these neighbors have been, and still are, the Russians. In the past, before World War I, they had held the Ukrainian people in bondage under their czarist autocracy. When that autocracy was shattered in 1917, Ukrainians asserted their freedom and proclaimed their independence on January 22, 1918.

That historic event seemed for a time to have turned a new page in Ukrainian history, but within 2 years, before the Ukrainian people barely had time to taste the sweetness and joy of their freedom, they were robbed of their richly deserved prize by the Red army of Communist Russia. That was in 1920, and during the last 44 years these ceaseless fighters for their freedom have known no freedom in their historic homeland. They have been held down under the unrelenting rule imposed upon them by the Kremlin. During all these years they have struggled hard to free themselves from the Kremlin's tyranny, but they have not been successful. On the 47th anniversary of their independence day we wish them success in future years.

### Dedication Address—Victor Valley Lutheran Hospital

#### EXTENSION OF REMARKS OF

**HON. KEN W. DYAL**

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, January 12, 1965

Mr. DYAL. Mr. Speaker, I am pleased to include in the RECORD the dedicatory address of the Honorable Joseph Campbell, mayor of Victorville, Calif., on the occasion of the dedication of the Victor Valley Lutheran Hospital on November 22, 1964—a badly needed institution of healing for the great Mojave Desert.

The address follows:

Mr. Chairman, members of the board, distinguished guests, ladies and gentlemen, the most rewarding facet of the office of mayor is being granted the privilege of participating in ceremonies held to recognize the achievement of a goal.

Mayors are called upon to represent their cities at every conceivable public function from the opening of commercial enterprises to the dedication of houses of worship.

All mayors look forward to such occasions because it allows us to feel that in some small measure we have participated in the economic or spiritual growth of our respective communities.

The dedication of this beautiful hospital is doubly gratifying because it represents, not only a tremendous boon to our economy, but it is also an overwhelming monument to the awareness which the people have of their obligation to their brothers.

In my opinion, it would be impossible to find a community project which could more forcefully demonstrate the spiritual health and moral fiber of the population than the creation of a facility for the sole and express purpose of providing care for all who are ill without regard to their economic or social standing, without regard to the color of their skin or their native tongue or without regard to how or with whom they worship.

I am sure that none of you can help but be impressed by the beauty of the buildings, the excellence of design, the skill of construction and the other physical attributes of these structures which we are privileged to inspect in detail today, but I would like to direct your heart's gaze to something which is on display today which is of far greater importance than an engineer's slide rule, an architect's plans, a builder's tools or the steel, glass, and concrete which are blended here.

These things, important as they may be, could not have been combined to create anything without one other ingredient. That ingredient was faith.

Over 4 years ago, a small group of men came to my office and told me that this community was going to build a hospital and I told them that I knew the community and that, in my opinion, their dream was just that; a dream, and that like other dreams it would fade and disappear. But, they had a device at their disposal which I didn't recognize and didn't understand. They had faith and faith isn't something that comes in limited quantities. They had enough so that they were able to share it with others, and, they in turn, with still others until eventually they had enough people infected with faith to transform a dream into a substance.

The transformation was not without problems and travail: but no obstacle, no disagreement was of sufficient magnitude to diminish their faith nor dim their vision. There were many times when I felt that the obstacle was insurmountable, but these dedicated people never considered abandoning their dream.

Tomorrow morning the doors will be opened and those who have dedicated their lives to the healing arts will have another place to bring comfort and the restoration of health to those who are ill.

I am keenly aware that I lack the power of rhetoric to adequately express to the small band of 25 or less, who were the instrument by which this house of healing was created, the depth of our gratitude to them or the magnitude of the debt we owe them. They have sought no temporal reward and there is none within our power to bestow upon them, but I speak for all who are present and all of the residents of our valley and all of those who in the future will have received comfort and care and health within these walls, when I say we will remember you in our hearts and in our prayers.

### Visit to a Dead Farm

#### EXTENSION OF REMARKS OF

#### HON. ANCHER NELSEN

OF MINNESOTA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, January 26, 1965

Mr. NELSEN. Mr. Speaker, one of my constituents, Gustave Siskoff, of New Prague, Minn., is just one of many thousands of farmers in the Second Congressional District of Minnesota greatly concerned and disheartened by the sick

state of agriculture. Along with his letter, Mr. Siskoff provided me with a column written by Frawley Hynes which appeared in the January issue of Columbia magazine.

I include it in today's Appendix as a forceful statement of our case for the family farm:

#### VISIT TO A DEAD FARM

Within a radius of 2 or 3 miles of the family farmland, we can count eight deserted farmsteads. This is sad and a little frightening. Analyzed, it means that about a fourth of the rural people in our neighborhood have left the land. Multiply this by thousands of similar sections of the country and you have a very disheartening result, indeed. These people have been forced, by the downscale prices of the last 10 years, to sell their land to neighbors or lease it to corporations; or have lost it to banks and insurance companies. Or, perhaps, have left it idle because they are weary of trying to continue the uphill climb toward a fair and just reward for their labors. Or, are financially unable to do so. The saddest part of the dilemma is that 9 out of 10 persons, thus inhibited, do not want to leave their homes and their land which may have been in their family for generations.

Statistics bluntly affirm that the cost of starting even a modest farming operation, is, at the least, \$50,000. This is a staggering sum confronting, say, a young man just out of university or agricultural college or the Armed Forces, who wishes to make of farming a way of life common to his forebears. Either, if he is able, he must borrow to buy land and equipment with no assets but his youth, his strength and his enthusiasm; or he must rent at a high rate per acre; or, if he is fortunate, be backed by father or friend already established on productive acres that have managed to hold their own in the sliding agricultural economy. Alternately, he is forced to seek job and home elsewhere, in a distant State or in the already ballooning urban areas, even though farming is bred in his bones.

All this is galling and frustrating \* \* \* there is no more independent individual in the world than the farmer and, perhaps, this is his nemesis. If all concerned would join together with one voice and proclaim unanimity of price and purpose, the financial status of agriculture would unquestionably rise and stabilize. Judging by the strides ahead made by other aspirants in other fields of endeavor, so, at least, it seems to us.

Rural life, with its attendant labors, is the oldest of all ways of life. Our first parents tilled the soil in the sweat of their brow and were nourished and clothed thereby. So it is an ancient, a prideful as well as a humbling way of life; for the farmer deals with and cooperates with nature for the welfare of mankind, as the Creator designated. From spring through autumn, he often works in all weathers from 12 to 16 hours daily. He toils with his hands, his head, and his heart; physically, mentally, yes, and spiritually, if he is a true son of the soil. His needs must be, by the very nature of his calling, a specialist in husbandry, a sower, a reaper, a mechanic, a mathematician, an architect, an engineer. He is also, no matter how astute and diligent, how resolute and farseeing, and knowledgeable, a mouse in the paws of economic progress; a pawn of the weather which can bless him with goodly harvests or ravage, in an hour, the fruits of months of hard and conscientious labor.

It's an honorable profession, farming. We are loath to see it lose dignity; to be forced to become big business, thus making the modest family farm expendable.

Farming has always been, and should be for those who choose it, a dedicated and distinct way of living. There seems to be some-

thing culpable and malleasant in this unhappy draining away from the land those who love it; as though the world turns its back on the indomitable spirit of our pioneers and the heritage they bequeathed us. We fear and resent that something, whatever its font, whatever its purpose.

Sometimes we drive into one of the deserted places that disfigure the countryside. Havoc is rampant. The woods have become a labyrinth of tangle creepers and tumbled trees. Weeds flourish head high, the habitat of sly, shy, woodland creatures. Fences shamble and creep about like huge distorted insects and the silo tilts like a miniature Pisa. Gaunt and gray, the barn spraddles on its stony knees; and the granary, once guardian of the harvest, leans in the wind, raddled and empty as a vacant mind.

What once, were lawn and garden run riot with thistles, nettles and the unquenchable quack. A quick eye may discover a pinch of beauty there: a bit of Queen Ann's lace, a shoot of lilac, a yellow marigold, a purple petunia, coaxing a way up through the dock and the wild dill.

As for the house, it huddles forlornly amid the scraggling bushes with its roof sunken and its walls awry. Wind, rain and snow have climbed through the broken panes and left their footprints on the warping floor. Tatterdemalion wisps of curtain still dangle at the windows. A raggedy doll stands on its head in a dusty corner; and, in a tattered story book on the hearth, Cinderella goes to the ball in a cobwebby gown.

Empty are the rooms now, disconsolate, echoing, dusty, and doomed to complete dissolution. There is nothing more sad or more sobering than this: a house, once a home that roofed love and laughter, life and death; and now forever deserted by all save the uncaring ghost of time.

### In Remembrance of President Kennedy

#### EXTENSION OF REMARKS OF

#### HON. ROBERT F. ELLSWORTH

OF KANSAS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, January 26, 1965

Mr. ELLSWORTH. Mr. Speaker, I would like to bring to the attention of my colleagues the following letter honoring the death of President John F. Kennedy, which was written by Miss Jackie Kelley, a senior at Argentine High School in Kansas City, Kans.

The letter follows:

#### IN MEMORIAM

November 22 will mark the beginning of the 4 most memorable days of history in our generation. On these days of that bleak November last year, John Fitzgerald Kennedy, 35th President of the United States, answered the call of God under the guidance of an assassin's bullet. The loss of this great chief upset many different walks of life. Perhaps the most important and most meaningful was the President's family and close friends. Not only did they lose their chief, but their brother, son, husband, and father. The gap left in their hearts remain solemn and memorable of happier days when his laugh and crinkled eyes shown brightly.

One of the most difficult tasks, ordered by President Johnson, was designated to Chief Justice Earl Warren. On September 27, 10 months and 5 days after the death of John Kennedy, the Warren Commission released its extensive report to President Johnson. The facts stated in the report astonished